His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand as proud of ſuch a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his ſtand
On her bare breſt, the heart of all her land;
VVhoſe ranks of blew vains as his hand did ſcale.
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtring to the quiet Cabinet,
VVhere their deare gouerneſſe and ladie lies,
Do tell her ſhee is dreadfullie beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
VVho peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,
That thinkes ſhee hath beheld ſome gaſtlie ſprite,
VVhoſe grim aſpect ſets euerie ioint a ſhaking,
VVhat terror tis: but ſhee in worſer taking,
From ſleepe diſturbed, heedfullie doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror trew.

VVrapt